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– Donat O'Donnell

THE Commonweal

Midyear Education Issue

FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

Gerald Vann

CATHOLICISM IN SECULAR COLLEGES

Norman O'Connor

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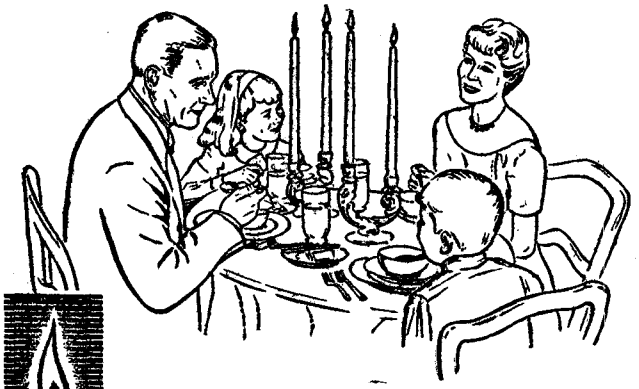

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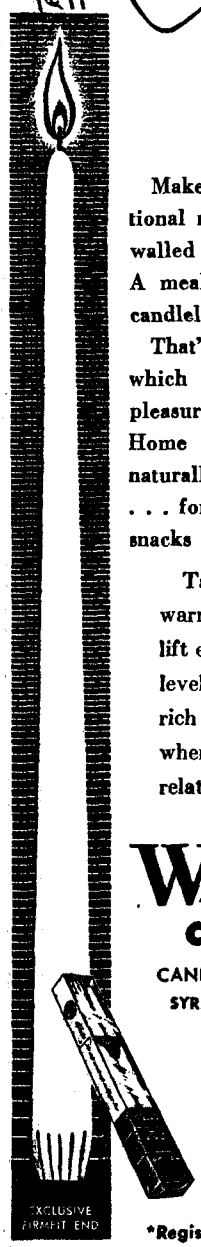

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THE Commonweal

week by week

STALIN AND THE JEWS

A BLOOD-PURGE of monstrous proportions seems clearly in the making behind the Iron Curtain. To those in the free world, the motivations behind the periodic Soviet purges always remain obscure; foreign observers may speculate, but determining the real purpose of Communist policy is often well nigh impossible. But whether Stalin is intent on using the Jews as scapegoats for domestic failures, or whether the entire affair is simply a facade behind which a deadly internal struggle for power may proceed, is, as far as the fate of the Jews is concerned, of very little moment.

Whatever the reasons behind the current wave of denunciations, trials and executions, the Jews seem to be destined to bear the brunt of them, and their future in the Soviet Union and in the satellites is a dark one. Somewhere between two and one half and three million Jews live under Soviet rule, and for few of them is there any chance of escape. The tragic possibility that these Jews may join in death their six million fellows who were victims of Hitler is only too real.

The world long ago learned the difficulty of turning aside the concentrated brutality unleashed by the totalitarian mind. But even the Soviet Union is not completely insensitive to world indignation, and certainly the rank anti-Semitism being displayed in Soviet territory should arouse the free world.

Non-Jews, who know from the bitter experience of their own co-religionists what the fury of the Soviet can mean, should extend to the Jewish community every sympathy and assistance in their new hour of misfortune. When Hitler began his campaign against the Jews, it is a sad fact that some viewed his early attacks with indifference and, in some shameful cases, even with a certain amount of tolerant approval. This callousness was made all the more tragic by postwar revelations which indicate that Hitler's first moves against the Jews were somewhat tentative in character. If world opinion had protested decisively and with one voice right from the start, there is a good chance that Hitler's campaign of extermination would never have achieved the full horror of the gas chambers and experimentation centers.

No such mistake should be made this time. In the current campaign against the Jews, the faces are those of Stalin and Malenkov, but the deeds are those of Goebbels and Streicher. As such, they are a moral outrage which the conscience of the West must protest without delay.

AS far as the Communist Parties outside of Russia and its satellites are concerned, the growing anti-Semitism in the East is likely to lead to a crisis at least as great as that provoked by the signing of the Hitler-Stalin pact. That cynical partnership was too much for large numbers of even the most devoted Communists in Western Europe and America to bear, and membership in the Communist Party took a sharp and immediate drop. Now the Soviet Union's ideological mask has slipped once more, and the face of terrorism is again exposed for all to see.

It is on occasions like this that a certain minimum of forbearance and understanding on the part of non-Communists is called for. Under such circumstances, the temptation to say "I told you so!" is almost overwhelming, but it should be resisted. Membership in the Communist Party should never be made a point of no return. No matter how hard it may be for others to see what could attract people to join the Party, especially in late years, desertion from its ranks should be encouraged, and defection made as easy as possible.

As Morris Ernst and David Loth point out in their recently published *Report on the American Communist,* fear of isolation by the rest of the community and dread of possible economic retribution tend to discourage Party members from severing their Communist connections. The ordinary rank-and-file member knows little or nothing about the top secrets of the Party, and he is usually unable to teach, write books or deliver lectures. Security precautions are necessary, but if disclosure of his

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past connections automatically leads to loss of employment, even on jobs in no way related to national security, leaving the Party is made infinitely more difficult for him.

Communism now commands the loyalty of millions all over the world. Most of these millions conceive of Communism as a reform movement, designed to correct the very real abuses that exist in the world, and the long-range goal of the non-Communist world must be to win these millions away from their present commitment to the Communist Party.

In this task, one of our best weapons is the periodic disclosure of the true nature of Soviet totalitarianism, such as that provided by the current anti-Semitic purges. But if such disclosures are to produce mass desertions from the Party, non-Communists will have to shun pointless political reprisals against those who want to abandon Communism.

THE NEW DEFENSE SECRETARY

CHARLES E. Wilson presents as extreme a case of involvement in private business on the part of a nominated Cabinet member as could be imagined. Consider the extent of Mr. Wilson's holdings in the General Motors Corporation, the GM emoluments scheduled for him the next four years and the aggregate of defense orders held by General Motors directly (not to mention the other firms with which it has corporate connections).

NEXT WEEK

J. L. TALLENAY writes about the impact of "Limelight" in Paris and discusses three decades of Chaplin's art.

"It is as foolish to reproach Charlot for not respecting the rules of cinematic art (if there are any) as it is to reproach Shakespeare for ignoring the rules of classical tragedy. By no idle chance does Shakespeare's name come into this discussion; his kinship with Chaplin was noted as early as 1920 by Elie Faure; it has often been cited since. The mixing of different types of theater, an apparent negligence in dramatic construction, the meditations on man and his destiny —these are elements for which Chaplin as well as Shakespeare can be reproached in the name of a certain classicism. But these elements also betray the marks of a genius who bends the conventions of the theater to the inherent demands of the vision he must communicate."

At the same time the record Mr. Wilson has made as an executive in this mammoth enterprise points to talents that should prove invaluable at so critical a time for our Defense department. Whatever disposition has been made of the matter since these paragraphs were written, Mr. Wilson's case, ineptly handled as it was, underlines an important political principle.

If outstanding captains of enterprise who are called to Washington in an hour of national need are forced to take big tax losses, as Mr. Symington did, in order to qualify for office, do not such excessive penalties tend actually to deprive the nation of the best executive talents? On the other hand would not such a legislative device as his temporary disqualification when a Secretary's own company is involved in a bid for government business tend to render impotent the sound law that a man in public office cannot do business with firms in which he has an interest? Moreover, a Secretary's influence would still be there even if he were looking the other way while his subordinates awarded contracts to such a company.

What makes the answer doubly difficult is the scarcity of men of the highest talent and integrity in American public life. But giving up a big salary such as Charles E. Wilson's is not enough. In an hour of national emergency a business executive faces a choice somewhat analogous to that of a young man who enlists in the nation's armed services, leaving his job, family, friends, and a life of comparative ease and security for the perils and hardships of a Korean battlefield. Or can the two sacrifices be really comparable?

In any case the hope is that there will always be leaders of industry willing to accept office in Washington in times of national need even when that means great personal monetary loss and inconvenience. For executives of the many firms that do big business with the government there would seem to be no other way of volunteering.

THE MEASURE OF DEAN ACHESON

AT his last press conference as Secretary of State, Dean Acheson asked for his successor, John Foster Dulles, "something better than good will and a fair chance." When the conference was concluded, there were comments among the reporters on his tired appearance, and one newcomer asked his veteran colleagues whether Mr. Acheson always had that "hurt look."

That he has not, that during the past four years he has conducted his government's foreign affairs with great poise and personal dignity, is surely a

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tribute to Mr. Acheson's remarkable self discipline, just as his farewell plea for patience with his successor is a tribute to his magnanimity. For seldom in American history has any high official been subjected to the kind of unrelenting persecution, cruelty, and slander that have been his daily lot, or been himself afforded less of "good will" or a "fair chance." It is a measure of the man that in spite of this he has served his country, and his civilization, so well.

In a sense, of course, Dean Acheson was made the scapegoat for modern history by men either too limited in their intelligence or too mean in their instincts to comprehend modern history's complexity. In their rage that the world was not as it should be they looked for some easy explanation, and they found it in both the real and the imagined shortcomings of the United States Secretary of State. Theirs was an ancient and a shabby game. The nation's shame, however, is not that this game was played (it was inevitable, perhaps, that it would be), but rather that it was played so successfully. In the end the vicious and stupid sometimes silenced even the generous and wise.

The intemperate ravings of a man like McCarthy, for example, who charged the Secretary of State with being high in the highest circles of "a great conspiracy" to betray his country, "a conspiracy on a scale so immense as to dwarf any previous such venture in the history of man," shocked decent and responsible men, both Democrats and Republicans. But they remained, in many instances, either silent or non-committal. The climate of opinion created by the demagogues finally became such that many in Mr. Acheson's own political party hesitated to defend him publicly. At the 1952 Democratic Convention no word of praise was heard in his behalf.

The result was that while Dean Acheson was busy shaping the policies which are the hope of the free world, he was being widely slandered as the friend of the very forces of which he was a most bitter foe. He who played an historic role in containing world Communism was accused of deliberately fostering its spread.

Dean Acheson made mistakes. Some of them, in the opinion of this magazine, were grave mistakes. We believe, for example, that his policies in regard to the Far East and the problem of subversion in the State Department were frequently ambiguous and unrealistic. But we also believe that they were honest mistakes, and that they were far outweighed by his triumphs; it is unnecessary to rehearse these: they are both our history and whatever future we may hope to have.

The point would seem to be that in all human affairs, but particularly in an era such as ours, mistakes are inevitable—but triumphs are not. To imagine what the world of January, 1953, might have been without the triumph of Mr. Acheson's major policies is both difficult and terrifying, but to attempt it provides some measure of his achievement. That this achievement was accomplished with rare patriotism and selflessness in face of unparalleled personal attack makes it all the more remarkable. We are proud to record our gratitude for Mr. Acheson's historic services to the cause of freedom, justice, and decency in the modern world, and we share his hope that Mr. Dulles will be granted that minimum of good will—and of common decency—which he himself seldom received.

STEVENSON AND WILLKIE

DEFEATED Presidential candidates in recent years have for the most part returned to their posts in private life or state government. The late Wendell Willkie was an outstanding exception. He it is that comes to mind as Adlai Stevenson, having relinquished the governorship of Illinois, again becomes a private citizen.

Both Stevenson and Willkie began public life with a legal background. Mr. Stevenson's happy decision to lead the "constructive opposition" during the next four years, after having rolled up the biggest vote of any defeated Presidential candidate, closely follows the pattern set by Mr. Willkie. His projected journey through the Middle East and the Far East is highly reminiscent of the journeys that led to the publication of *One World* in 1943.

Personal comparisons, even when it comes to public figures, risk being odious. The respective campaign speeches of the two men, however, would seem to indicate that Mr. Stevenson should be capable of the greater penetration into the mysteries of the ancient East. One difference is unmistakable. Except for the 1940 Republican convention at Philadelphia, Wendell Willkie was fighting a losing battle with the dominant isolationists of his own party. He was doomed from the start never to have a second whack at the Presidential nomination. Mr. Stevenson does have the Southern wing of his party to contend with—a minority, however, which can carry out its designs only in alliance with the victorious Republicans. Besides, these gentlemen from the South tend to be generally in agreement with Adlai Stevenson when it comes to foreign issues.

Mr. Stevenson then embarks on his new role with better prospects than Wendell Willkie ever had. We trust that his influence will continue strong in the councils of the political opposition.

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THE CHURCH'S ADAPTATION

DURING the past few years there has been increased attention given to the problem of the Church's ability to penetrate modern society. To accomplish this, to win the world back for God, has been seen as a task which called for a sometimes radical readjustment among Christians, one which might demand the leaving of many familiar ways and the learning of many new customs.

The Apostolic Constitution by which Pope Pius XII has now mitigated the Church's traditional laws for the Eucharistic fast and granted permission for the celebration of afternoon Masses is an historic step toward this penetration. It represents a major attempt by the Church to recover a paganized industrial society. It is an adjustment which should do much toward increasing the Church's spiritual opportunities in the modern world.

"OUR SIDE" AND ASIA

THE Far Eastern mutual assistance organization recommended in these pages last week was emphasized, in a backhanded way, by the formation last week of a new Socialist International in Asia. The new International is distinctly cool towards the U.S. and its activities in the cold war.

The new political groups of Asia are determined to be free—as free of America as they are from the old colonial powers. And that is something which we must respect, even though we also all but despair over it. Our aid to Indonesia last year caused a government crisis. Ceylon is selling rubber to the Soviet bloc. Prime Minister Nehru of India has emphatically and publicly disapproved of Pakistan's expressed interest in joining our Middle Eastern Defense Pact.

Each of these young and stubbornly independent countries is a prize that the Communists would like to have; they have gambled blood for Malaya and Burma and Indochina.

And these nations have more than Soviet imperialism to contend with: Each is economically immature. Each is hindered by a low level of political education. Even Japan, which has an extraordinarily high literacy rate (90%) is plagued by widespread political inexperience and immaturity. What Asia lacks most is a tradition of political responsibility, and a sense of the public accountability of governments. That they lack such a tradition is the fault of the West. That they have precious little time to develop such a tradition is the fault of the Soviet Union.

We Americans may, if we like, sit back in our upholstered chairs, and watch the struggle of nationalism, Communism, poverty and freedom on the stage of Asia. We might applaud brave blows, and give guns to those who ask to be on our side—if any survive to ask.

Or we may try to win time for Asian democracy. We may try to convince the Far Eastern nations that we do not ask them to be on "our side"—that so long as they are for democratic government and international cooperation, we are on their side. That is a simple distinction to draw, but if we can make Asians believe that we mean it, we will have won the greatest battle of the cold war.

With energy and monumental tact, we could bring into existence a free Asian alliance. The Far Eastern members of the British Commonwealth and Japan make up a basic group of nations who have commitments to the West. Churchill has broken ground for the Commonwealth's part in such a group. This organization could offer to its members trade, and technical assistance (in the way that India, who receives aid from the UN, gives the same kind of aid to Burma, and in the way that Japan is paying part of its war reparations in technical assistance). The members could conceivably offer to one another not only protection against aggression but guarantees against minority *coups*.

A small amount of American money and a great amount of Western diplomacy could bring this sort of Far Eastern cooperation into the life of Asia.

AWOL'S AND SWAGGER STICKS

AWOL's and swagger sticks were both in the news recently. There was public concern over the number of unofficial absences in the Army (particularly on the part of men due to be shipped to the Far East), and the Marine Corps Commandant urged his officers to obtain and carry swagger sticks—short wooden rods given to officers to keep their hands out of their pockets.

In the first matter, there is not a great deal to be done that has not already been done. When a war is as limited and messy as the one in Korea, soldiers and their families are going to be slow to make the sacrifices that are demanded. It is unfair to blame the Army when the Army is made up, for the most part, of draftees. A volunteer makes a profession out of risking his life. A draftee makes it a reluctant avocation. We may regret that draftees often do not have the *esprit* that the swagger stick presumably represents, but when sacrifice is so unfashionable on the homefront, it is foolish to blame the Army because some of its draftees also find sacrifice unfashionable.

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Flight into Egypt

"EGYPT IS THE LAND OF DARKNESS. FOR SOME THE SOJOURN IN THE DARKNESS IS A LONG ONE. . . ."

GERALD VANN

And behold an angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph, saying: Arise, and take the Child and His Mother, and fly into Egypt: and be there until I shall tell thee.

IN recent times England has become a land of refuge for many exiles; Germans, Austrians, Jews, Poles, political refugees from many another country, all have found refuge in England and a home; and surely we may hope that their harboring may bring upon England a blessing. In the Middle Ages men sought safety from pursuit in the sanctuary, the holy place; and the fact that men of today can find sanctuary in my country may help, we may hope, to make it itself a holy place in the end. But for them, though it means safety, it must still be *terra aliena,* a strange land: they have been uprooted, their own land and traditions and ways and possessions are lost to them, are left behind; and they know not only the poverty of dispossession but the sorrow of homesickness.

The Gospel scene of the flight into Egypt is like so many contemporary stories that it must seem particularly vivid to us. The night, the darkness, the sudden preparations and departure into the unknown, the strange, the perilous; and the parents, anxious for their Child's safety, and the Maiden-Mother with her double fears; and Egypt itself the symbolic land of darkness, of exile, of the prison camp: the whole story is a symbol, not of an adventure, a conquering of new territory, but of a loss.

The natural right to property is based upon a solid fact: that the human personality is not contained within the confines of the physical body. To be fully alive a man must have a setting. The personality is expressed and fulfilled through its extensions: through creative work, through human relationships; through home, through family roots and traditions, through the native soil and native land, and native culture.

The word tradition means a handing on; it is a double process: a receiving from those who have gone before, a passing on to those who are to come; and where a tradition is really living it must in consequence change from generation to generation, it must be enriched by the thought and the labors of each succeeding age; and it is in that work of adapting and enriching a material environment that man's personality reaches its natural completion. That is why patriotism, the love of the *patria*—and we may take it here as including all that we mean by home—is a virtue: not nationalism, not enmity or pride or aggressiveness in regard to other nations, but a reverence and gratitude for the gifts that have come down to us, a love of our particular way of life and of the land in which the family tree is rooted and the family ways were begotten:

this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea . . .
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England . . .

YET it remains true that possessions, even these possessions, are a danger. Property can imprison and enslave us; patriotism can degenerate into insularity and narrow-mindedness; the setting can become not an enlargement of personality but an encircling wall. That is why Christianity upholds the right to property but preaches at the same time the virtue of poverty of spirit.

Life must have its dignity, and you must love the things that are worthy of love; but you must remain free. And sometimes the tyranny of material things can become so complete that it makes the love of God impossible: and either you must flee these things or you flee God. So it is that St. Thomas says of the flight into Egypt: *Voluit fugere ut fugientes a facie Dei revocaret:* He willed this flight that He might thereby bring back those who flee from the face of God: it is the symbol of that evangelical poverty, that giving up of material possessions, which is an assertion of the primacy of primary things.

Good living, comfort, pleasure, money, home, country: all these may, if we let them, become a flight

The Rev. Gerald Vann, O.P. is an English Dominican. This article is taken from "The Seven Swords," copyright 1953 Sheed & Ward, Inc., N. Y.

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from God: an attempt to forget Him and His demands; and the more valuable they are in themselves, the more dangerous they may be to our self-deceiving minds:

I fled Him down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him down the arches of the years;
I fled Him down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter—

and sometimes it is a distraction unrealized for what it is until its empire is established, and sometimes it is a way of forgetting which, consciously or unconsciously, we deliberately seek; in either case we find ourselves in the end enslaved.

We need then, in some form or other, a flight into Egypt to save us from idolatry and degradation. *Arise, and take the Child:* and it was to be at once, and it was to be by night. That is poverty of spirit: to love the things that God has given you to complete your life, but to be ready to give them back to Him if He requires them, and to give them at once: not grudgingly, not with reservations and grumblings, but readily, eagerly, if possible joyfully; and to give them back even though it is in the darkness, even though there seems no sense in it and the future is black and the world seems in consequence empty and cold.

POOR banished children of Eve, we call ourselves in the *Salve;* and there are moods, when the sun is shining and the earth is lovely and life is good, in which it seems very unreal; but the words are expressing not a mood but a fact.

Our job is to live our life here as well as we can by doing God's will for us as well as we can: and that includes many things that are lovely, which we must love; many joys which we must take gratefully and gladly from his hands; many things which are not transitory and fleeting but eternal, and will remain a part of us always; the knowledge and wisdom and love that life may bring us; but none the less it remains true that the setting as a whole, the material setting, is transitory, is fleeting, is not ultimately home. The human home that endures is not this house, this garden, these material things, but these human beings whom you love and the mutual love in which you all live and which makes you all a single entity.

Take the Child and His Mother, and be there until I shall tell thee: it is not only the going but the staying that God's will determines and that is part of our obedience. And that means two things. It means not clinging to good things when God requires them of us; it means also not being impatient to escape from bad things when God requires them of us.

Egypt is the land of darkness. For some the sojourn in the darkness is a long one, perhaps seemingly an unending one; even the sunniest lives have their times of darkness: in either case these things have their purpose if only we can see it and welcome it: they are teaching us to be poor in spirit, they are teaching us not to be tyrannized over, they are teaching us to be free, they are teaching us the primacy of primary things, they are teaching us not to flee God Who is our home.

If when life's gracious things come to us we refer them back to Him in gratitude and love, and when difficulties arise we turn to Him also in obedience and love, then we are learning how to see the material world as His world and not ours, and material things as His gift and not our creatures; and so we can hope to be able to obey, even though it must be done instantly, even though it must be in darkness, when the time comes for us to flee into Egypt in our turn.

When Herod was dead, we are told, there again appeared an angel to Joseph in Egypt, saying: Arise, and take the Child and His Mother and go into the land of Israel: for they are dead that sought the life of the Child. There is a striking parallelism of circumstance: again it is night, and Joseph asleep; and the words are almost identical; so that the similarity underlines the contrast: no longer question of a flight, but of a glad return, and the reason given: they are dead that sought the life of the Child.

Those who have learned how to love the harshness as well as the tenderness of Love, to greet with gratitude the buffetings of God, come in the end to a state in which poverty of spirit is perfect in them, greed and possessiveness are dead in them: they are dead that sought the life of the Child in them, the new-born of God, and so they are free to return. They are free to return to the world to love the world, to gather all God's creatures into the embrace of their love, because God's creatures can no longer endanger their love of God, they can only help to express it.

So often the saints' lives follow this pattern: first the flight, the darkness, the searching for God; but then the return to the world of men, the search for men, the fulfillment of the love of God in the continuation of God's work for men. That is indeed the essence of Christian mysticism: that it can never be content with a solitary absorption in God on the mountain-top, unaware of the poor misguided worldlings who people the plains below; for the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us, and it is idle to say that you love God and are seeking God if you have no interest in the beings God loves so well that He made Himself one of them in order to die for them. There are indeed the saints who are hermits and solitaries just as there are the saints who worked in the slums and hovels of the great cities; but all of them alike are fired by the same spirit, the same love; all of them alike share in Christ's redeeming care for the world.

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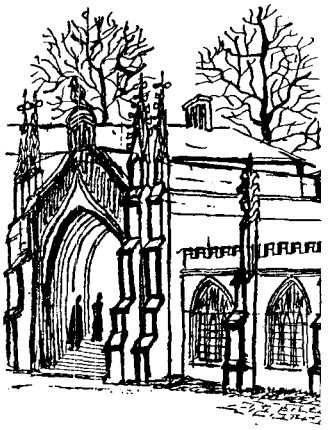
Catholicism in Secular Colleges

NO MATTER HOW BRILLIANT THE CHAPLAIN MAY BE, HE KNOWS THAT HE IS AS EXPENDABLE AS A CORK IN A BOTTLE.

NORMAN O'CONNOR

TWO basic concepts in Catholicism's rich development have always been "adaptation" and "penetration." Adaptation was simply taking the good of any culture or ethnic group and incorporating it in the thread of the Catholic cloth. First came the physical presence and then, later, spiritual involvement; Catholicism beat its way into the innards and ideals and then brought these into their proper fulfillment in the New Dispensation.

The desert monks fled the cities and villages, sometimes, perhaps, out of contempt or fear. But there were always the Pauls and the Augustines to enter into the heart of the City and take possession of what belonged to God. Surprisingly, they found very little that did not go back to Him. After all He had provided most of it. The only experience they left unredeemed was evil; you cannot save a negation.



But in the United States, Catholics seem largely to have missed contact with cultural progress, and it is possible that a good part of the trouble stems from the fact that American Catholics have long worn a special set of blinders in their contacts with intellectuals. There are no Catholic professional groups to which non-Catholic intellectuals feel impelled to belong; there are no Catholic Academies of Arts and Sciences, no intellectual Guilds recognized and honored outside the Catholic community. There is no American equivalent of the French "Semaine des Intellectuels Catholiques."

I happen to work with professors ("professors" in the sense of thinking people who work at thinking) and with the professors of tomorrow, who are the students of today. I am a Catholic chaplain at a non-Catholic school, one of seventy-five or eighty through the country. We make up a rather lonely group of men, but a significant one in the sense that in a special way our vocation should be in the tradition of Paul and Augustine—the tradition of penetration and adaptation. But we have, on the whole, been unable to realize the possibilities latent in our situation, and this is made doubly tragic by our knowledge of how rich and unique the possibilities are.

Nowhere else in America could you find such an area of intellectual experience as a priest-chaplain encounters on a secular college campus. A day at an active university might begin with a discussion on symbolic logic and non-Aristotelian thought represented in the study of semantics and semantic principles, continue with moral problems in the world of business, move on to mathematics and the argument that knowledge is merely a series of probabilities, that the fixed judgments of today will be the errors of tomorrow, and end with lectures on God and the Bible as "myth."

I know of no person except the college chaplain who meets the same set of circumstances and deals so consistently with so many of the problems which exercise thinking people. Why, then, have not the seventy taken better advantage of the opportunity?

THE suggestion has often been made that we should operate as the English Catholics do. Few interested Catholics have not heard of the Oxford and Cambridge arrangements by which Catholicism, through houses on the campus, seems to exert such a strong influence on traditionally secular mentalities. Admittedly, it is difficult to draw parallels, because in England there is nothing comparable to the American Catholic method of a complete educational system from knee pants to slippers and pipe. But the fact still remains that the English have penetrated and adapted, according to the conditions as they met them, and we have not, although we have the materials necessary for such an effort—three hundred thousand students available, and countless professors on college staffs.

Right from the start, the college chaplain is told over and over again by many Catholics that there isn't much one can do with students at secular universities, apart from keeping them entertained. The recurrent

The Rev. Norman O'Connor, C.S.P. is chaplain to Catholic students at Boston University.

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questions are: "How many are you getting at your dances?" or "What are you people doing out there? I never hear anything about your activities. Do you think you are accomplishing anything?" The only events that would impress people with such a mentality would be banner headlines, crowded Catholic activities, and rallying students. Of course, the rally might be over Miss Campus Girl of '53. A trifle, but it would turn out students and it would get "news"—it would satisfy our most "interested" people.

But a more real difficulty arises from the sheer numbers of students involved. In one area, for example, there are about six thousand Catholic students at Catholic schools, six thousand Catholics at secular schools. Three hundred and fifty priests and religious serve the needs of the first group. Two priests take care of the second.

For a conscientious priest, there are enough counseling problems in such groups to keep him busy eighteen hours a day. His familiarity with the university situation, his experience with college students, his contacts with the faculty and administration, his relationship with the other students render it almost imperative that he be the third party in bad marks, psychological problems, family disagreements, vocational guidance, marriage concerns, confessional questions, doctrinal positions, sources of information. If the chaplain is at all serious about his work, he could keep his office busy with this kind of activity alone.

Students love to get together, if for no other reason than just to talk. One of the best methods in getting them to the Sacraments, and also of giving them a chance to talk, is to have a Sunday Mass at which all receive Communion and afterwards take breakfast in the basement under the church. But while a brother priest is celebrating Mass, the chaplain may be busy in the basement, trying to pick seeds out of grapefruit with a ten-inch bread knife. Such "activities" are not unusual; they're unavoidable to a certain extent when thousands of people are involved.

Another constant pressure is money. No one is more acutely aware of the dollar problem than the average chaplain. Postcards are now two cents, and to mail them to two thousand people costs forty dollars. A newssheet costs about one hundred and twenty-five dollars each time it goes out. The homey little details about expenses are mundane but necessary. Some way or other, the chaplain has to get out and raise the funds. Students in the average state or city university cannot afford to pay their own way completely. Their education is already being subsidized, and they are working long hours for their room and board; they have no surplus left for Catholic activities.

Despite these pressures and many more not mentioned, the major obstacle remains the fact that Catholics are not convinced of their own apostolate, or to state it perhaps more accurately, that they have failed to live up to their best intellectual tradition. No matter how brilliant the chaplain may be or how persuasive a personality in professorial contacts, he still knows, consciously or unconsciously, that he is like a cork in a bottle, expendable, of only momentary value, a stopgap gadget.

As a result, in our secular universities sincere men teach that James Joyce achieved true freedom only when he walked away from the shadows of Catholic doctrine and discipline; or that the logic of the Aristotelian tradition has long been supplanted by a new tradition that begins with Korzybski; or that the writings of Maritain have interest only as witness to a moral and ethical tradition now dead; or that Catholicism with a population-majority will mean a renewal of inquisitions and *auto-da-fes;* or that Mauriac and Greene cannot be "orthodox" Catholics because orthodox Catholicism cannot tolerate the honesty and insight of their work. And when Catholic students hear these things from men they respect, where are they to find the answers?

The most ironic aspect of this situation is that the colleges involved are usually happy to give facilities and status to Catholic chaplains wherever this is possible without getting themselves into actual support of a religious program along definite sectarian lines. With very few exceptions, the administrations are most happy to cooperate; they welcome the addition of the Catholic chaplain to the staff of the University and provide all they can for the successful carrying out of his task.

Right now the problems of the Catholic chaplains in secular colleges and universities become even more pressing because the future of the Catholic school as a competitor in the field of education looks rather bleak. Costs have risen to such an extent that the only schools able to keep pace are state- and federal-supported schools. At present the only aids available to the Catholic schools are tax-freedom and certain government grants which help finance research programs. Present tendencies in government preclude almost any hope of federal money being made available to sectarian schools, no matter what the need.

This is the background against which a Catholic chaplain in a secular university must operate. All of these problems—the lack of a cultural context for his work; the frustrations of a work-load extremely hard to handle; the small evidence of enthusiasm for the project, even among those sectors of Catholic life that would be expected to assist—must be solved before the richness of the opportunity can be seized and the task of penetration and adaptation really begun. But they must be solved, for it is this task which is the goal.

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FROM IRELAND

The Abbey: Phoenix Infrequent

DONAT O'DONNELL

THE most successful first run in the history of the Abbey Theatre has just ended. The play, "Home is the Hero," was by Mr. Walter Macken and it dealt, in lilting and picturesque dialogue, with the theme of a returned convict — a "hero" who had killed a man in a pub fight. The hero, at first welcomed by the whole community as a daring defier of the law, is a cowardly and self-righteous bully whom his own family drives out, so that they may be able to live a quiet and orderly existence.

As if to drive the point home — but almost certainly for no particular reason — the Abbey followed this with a week of J. M. Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World," which ends with the apotheosis of a hero of similar reputation. From Christy Mahon swaggering off, leading his father as a slave, to Mr. Macken's Paddo Reilly slinking out the back door, it is quite a long way. Does the contrast represent only a difference of temperaments between dramatists, or is it symbolic of a change which has come over Ireland during the past half-century? Those who are suspicious of social parallels and historical symbols in literature could point out that the Abbey audience at the first production of the "Playboy," so far from approving its half-playful glorification of violence, howled it down; that furthermore the Abbey audience now receives the same "Playboy" with the most stolid complacency, and that, finally, "Home is the Hero" owes its remarkable success, not to its respect for law and order, but to the rough stuff that goes on on the stage, notably the hero beating his buxom daughter with a buckled belt. So what remains of the theory that "Home is the Hero" reflects a more staid and law-abiding Ireland than did "The Playboy of the Western World"?

AS a convinced historical symbolist, I think quite a lot remains of the theory. First of all, Ireland today *is* a more law-abiding country than it was in Synge's day; indeed Ireland's crime-rate is now the lowest in Europe, and probably in the world, and her crime-detection rate — more important as it reflects the attitude of the population in general — is among the world's highest. In Synge's day on the other hand, and long after, well up into the thirties, there was a strong tradition, not of ordinary crime, but of agrarian and political violence. Indeed it was the presence of this tradition that made "The Playboy" so embarrassing to its first audiences.

Agrarian violence was virtually ended early in the century and although political violence had a longer life, it has not played any serious part since the IRA discredited itself and broke up in the early forties. Politically and socially all this is admirable: admirable too the fact that neither Communist nor Fascist doctrine ever made the slightest dent in Ireland's devotion, not to any vague ideal of democracy, but to real down-to-earth party politics: a devotion which is, I believe, unique among countries with a heavy Catholic preponderance.

These are good things, even if not particularly exciting. "The only thing," said one social thinker, "that saves us from being like the Swiss is that we don't like work. In terms of art, however, and especially of drama, it is bad to be like the Swiss, and it is also bad not to like work. The exhilaration, the tension of approaching struggle, which was present in Synge's day, has disappeared and we have in its place the general anxiety about world events, which we have even less power to influence than anybody else. This obvious loss of stimulus, of help from the environment, could be counterbalanced by greater laboriousness on the part of the writer—an inner tension which would supply the lack of outer tension.

YEATS

In reality, our writers are less inclined to serious work than ever they were. This may be because of the existence of formulae. There are now, for example, two languages, urban and rural, bastard O'Casey and bastard Synge, in which Irish dramatists can write; Mr. Macken's play was in the latter dialect and so was Mr. M. J. Molloy's "The King of Friday's Men." The only other "new" dramatist worth mentioning, Mr. Seumas Byrne, in his "Design for a Headstone," followed in O'Casey's footsteps, although it is only fair to say that O'Casey's language was always much nearer real speech than was, for all its beauty, the hysterical-pastoral of Synge. These plays are interesting and hold an audience but no one would claim that they were anything better than second rate work within a well-understood convention. Some have believed that

Mr. O'Donnell is an Irish critic, the author of "Maria Cross," published last year by the Oxford University Press.

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plays of great merit and distinction, in quite other idioms, are constantly being written, only to be rejected by the Abbey directors. A group of actors, some of them good ones, set up a theatre dedicated to this proposition not so long ago, but the theatre lived only long enough to disprove the proposition. The Abbey is in a rut but the fault does not lie with the directors, still less with the producer or the present company — on the whole a very good one — but with Irish writers as a body. The writers are, at least, vigorous in denouncing it.

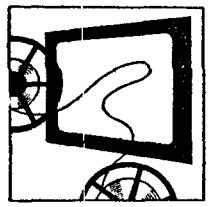
SOCIAL calm, literary indolence and dialect conventions are not the only reasons why the flame of the Abbey burns low just now. The death of Yeats did not deprive the Irish theatre of a great dramatist, but it did deprive it of a high priest. With his departure the Abbey ceased to be a temple and became just another small theatre with a respectable past. The present Managing Director, Mr. Ernest Blythe, is often reproached for his policy of recruiting young actresses and actors exclusively from the tiny population of the districts where the Irish language alone is spoken. Eccentric though this policy sounds — since all Abbey plays are in the English language — it has worked out surprisingly well in practice. Indeed one of the most encouraging features of the Abbey at present is the number of young people — especially young women — whom the producer, Miss Ria Mooney, has been able to turn into highly competent players, fresh and unmechanical. But the real reproach against Mr. Blythe is not that he is interested in the Irish language but that he is not interested in the theatre — except as a means to some vague and distant renascence of national culture. Ireland, like Germany and Russia, has always been much afflicted with people who were wildly interested in the idea of culture in general, as a sort of catalyst for nationalism, but quite indifferent to any particular play or poem. The personality and prestige of Yeats could keep these little folk in check, but now, since his death, they are all over the place.

I forgot to mention that the theatre was burned down, not unfortunately by an angry mob, but by accident, about a year ago. There was a lot of talk at the time about the Phoenix rising from the ashes, but so far the scheduled flight has not taken place. Yet, if there is no sign of the Phoenix, the ashes are kept fairly warm. The only thing which Mr. Blythe has in common with Yeats is a shrewd interest in the commercial welfare of the theatre. Houses are good; so is the producer, and most of the company; so are some of the plays, mostly the old ones. Most of the conditions for the existence of a theatre are here. Will no one strike a match?

THE SCREEN

BELONGING

MORE than anything else, the twelve-year-old girl in "The Member of the Wedding" wants to belong. Lonely, motherless, confused by emotional problems of adolescence that leave her either exhilarated or depressed, Frankie says "All people belong to a 'we' except me." So when she naively falls in love with the aura of romance surrounding her brother and his bride, she decides to join their wedding and go along on the honeymoon.



Poor Frankie! Although her busy father isn't much help to her in this difficult period, the Negro housekeeper loves the girl and tries to mother her and understand her; and Frankie's cousin does his childish best to keep her amused. But after the wedding Frankie has to face reality; and her heart is broken before it is finally mended and she shows signs of growing up.

Perhaps the strangest thing about Stanley Kramer's handsome production of the Carson McCullers play is that it didn't employ the cinematic medium more imaginatively. Director Fred Zinneman, who made "The Search" and "High Noon," knows how to use the camera to tell a story, but in this case most of his scenes are static; and while the dialogue in the script which Edna and Edward Anhalt fashioned from the McCullers' opus is beautifully written, the total effect is more theater than movie.

That "The Member of the Wedding" is not entirely convincing as a movie is partly due to Stanley Kramer's casting the three leads from the stage in the film. Although Julie Harris gives a splendid performance as the perplexed and tortured adolescent, it is too difficult for us to accept her as a twelve-year-old. On the stage Miss Harris' brilliant portrayal held us spellbound; but in the movie the realistic camera detracts from the illusion. And similarly Brandon de Wilde, who was so thoroughly enchanting as the young cousin on the stage, seems more mature now (he is indeed two years older) and wins us in only a few episodes.

In the role of the big-hearted woman, Ethel Waters is perfection itself. Warm and giving, Berenice doesn't always understand why people do what they do, but, emotionally wise, she is ready to forgive, to help and to love. Miss Waters is stirring in every one of her scenes, and in several she is unforgettable: when she sings "His Eye Is on the Sparrow" to the children, when she tries to explain to Frankie about the men

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in her life, and at the end, when Frankie has grown as she should out of childhood and made her casual farewells to Berenice. Then it is trouble-laden Berenice who is left all alone to comfort herself with song.

IT is interesting that at this same time another good Stanley Kramer production should turn up, one which also is concerned with man's great desire to belong, to be a member with his fellow-men and to be loyal. The background for "Eight Iron Men" is war, and the principal setting is a basement room in a blasted building where a squad of infantrymen have been holed up for seventeen days. The locale could be any place where war means killing — and also means long stretches of boredom which lead to petty bickering and the kind of quarreling that results from constant companionship in too close quarters. But underneath the seemingly selfish quarreling runs a strong loyalty and devotion to the group; and this is made evident when the squad is ordered to move out with its company, and the men refuse because they are sure they can save one of their group who was separated from the rest and caught under line of fire during a reconnaissance patrol.

Actually "Eight Iron Men" is an atmosphere movie; It pretends to be no more than a small cross-section of war, and it tries to do no more than illustrate the camaraderie that exists among men who have little in common other than their urge for self-preservation and a spirit of loyalty. Unfortunately the script which Harry Brown wrote from his play, "A Sound of Hunting," does not adapt itself well into movie material; and while Director Edward Dmytryk succeeds in making the characters believable as a group of soldiers, they fail to stand out as individuals. The lines they speak are impressive and meaty enough, but the feeling persists that they would be better read than heard or spoken. What "Eight Iron Men" has to say deserves to be said, but it fails to say it effectively in cinema.

ANOTHER play that is surprisingly disappointing as a movie is "Androcles and the Lion." Or perhaps the mediocre film that was made from this Shaw is no surprise at all. The original play is talky and short; and unless Gabriel Pascal, who controls the filming of Shaws plays and produced this one, was willing to allow the original to be revised and added to, it would be better to have left the project alone.

Pascal did very well in filming "Pygmalion" and "Major Barbara" and fairly well with "Caesar and Cleopatra." But with "Androcles" he has done little more than make a fancy costume piece that is neither good movie nor good theater. Some of the Shaw wisecracks about the early Christians are amusing, while others, in the glaring light of camera and the clarity of sound track, are pretty obvious in their mistaken idea of what Christianity is all about.

It is too bad that the good cast gathered for this picture (Jean Simmons, Robert Newton, Alan Young, Maurice Evans, et al) couldn't have worked up something worthy of their talents, and I hope the discouraging results won't cause Pascal to give up. There are still "Candida," "Arms and the Man" and several others that look like likely movie material. I suppose this production of "Androcles" does prove one thing: the very fact that Shaw's name is on a play doesn't make it a sure-fire movie.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"SHADOWS OF TOMORROW"

Berkeley, Calif.

TO the Editors: Every visitor to Germany, and everyone who has talked with the groups of Germans now visiting this country, must agree with Father Reinhold's observation (January 2, 1953) that many Germans find pleasure in pointing out mistakes or wrongdoings of the victor powers and often seem unaware of other nations' just grievances against Germany. Is it true, then, that the German people have no sense of responsibility for the Nazi misdeeds—no shame for the crimes that have been committed in Germany's name by their own government?

Let us not forget for a moment that this is a case of international politics. Suppose we found somewhere in the world a group of individuals who had just received a tremendous shock. Not only has a large part of their material basis for living been destroyed, but also their idols and myths. Moreover, these people find themselves confronted with irrefutable accusations. Only yesterday they had been told, and had liked to hear, that they were superior beings; today, they find themselves rated as criminals by many of their fellow-humans. How should we expect men of average character to react to such a situation? Is it probable that they will immediately find the strength to recognize what is just in the accusations, to recover their self-respect by undoing the repairable part of the evil, and gradually live down the ill-repute by decency? Is it not more likely that these people will first try to defend their self-respect by evading the indictment with the help of whatever arguments they can find, and with the *tu quoque* argument ("you are just as bad as I am, or maybe worse") in a prominent role?

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The German people, I believe, have been touched to the core by the judgment of the civilized world but have not yet learned to accept this burden and live with it constructively. (Would others have done better?) The latter applies to the nations as a whole: many individuals, in my impression a much more substantial minority than Father Reinhold seems to think, have found their way out of the moral ruins. Father Reinhold is certainly wrong when he assumes that the Germans are in a sort of silent conspiracy to exploit the Western fears of Russia: at the present time, the German people does not have even the coherence needed for normal national life still less the solidarity required for a plot; neither for good nor for bad have the Germans yet re-learned to act in concert. (Never is the average German so sincere than when he asserts his keen desire that the next war be fought without him: one of the most serious phenomena in Germany is the very limited appeal of any cause that may require sacrifice.) Psychological rehabilitation, and consequently restoration of morale and of morals, is lagging far behind economic reconstruction.

As to American policy: Father Reinhold is right in stating that we have too soon discontinued our effort to acquaint the German people with the full extent of Nazi crimes. Just because great psychological resistance had to be expected, the evidence ought to have been presented with greater force and consistency. But even more fateful was our failure to realize that the Germans needed confidence in themselves to overcome the terrible Nazi heritage. True enough, by all historical standards our occupation was very humane, but this situation was without historical parallel. Our insistence, until recently, upon the untenable concept of collective moral guilt (as distinguished from the political and historical responsibility of a nation for its government), the "Jim Crow" treatment that we meted out to Nazis and anti-Nazis alike during the first years, our refusal, until very late, to believe in the reality of a heroic German resistance movement in spite of overwhelming evidence have delayed German moral recovery.

Even now, all too many American commentators on German affairs belong to one of two schools of thought which are both equally wrong: the one school which sticks to the assumption that all Germans are basically Nazis, and that they can and should be re-educated by keeping them in a position of inferiority; and the cynics who think that, because we need the Germans against Russia, we must "forgive and forget" the Nazi crimes. The West cannot forget these misdeeds without compromising its own position irrevocably; but we sacrifice no principle, nor do we betray the victims of Hitler, if we refuse to treat a whole nation as criminal—a nation which includes many people of good will and some heroes who sacrificed or jeopardized their lives in the struggle against their own criminal government. The Germans must shoulder their burden, but it behooves us to recognize the gravity of the crisis through which they have gone and are still going. We must not expect a nation which has fallen so deep to find the happy medium between superiority illusions and self-contempt without a severe struggle and without mistakes which, though they may try our patience, are milestones on the way to moral rehabilitation.

CARL LANDAUER.

Newark, N. J.

TO the Editors: . . . I was deeply shocked by Father Reinhold's "Germany: Shadows of Tomorrow." The picture he drew was particularly black, not a heartening word anywhere. Nor a forgiving one.

All my contact with Germans has not been over gunsights on opposing sides of no-man's land; it has been strictly post-war. The Germans I met all behaved in a friendly manner, freely admitted the errors of Hitler while pointing out that we, too, had made our moral "mistakes." . . .

One of these was a German professor who left his country just as war broke out. Regarding 1939, he said he didn't know of any war that the average German was more reluctant to fight. Another was a German priest from Berlin whose father had been killed by the Nazis. He came to the U.S. to learn, and showed none of the signs of bitterness Father Reinhold speaks of, only hope that Germany's future be *settled* as justly as possible.

Another was a young woman, who spent more than a year as a slave in a Russian coal mine. She was quiet as any other girl her age might be, showed no signs of hatred even toward her Communist captors, and prayed daily only for peace. Still others were three German high school teachers here on an exchange visit. They felt no more disappointed about America than many Americans who have been here all their lives. Another was an educated and cultured woman, who could give a much more convincing sales talk on the greatness of American democracy than most of the men who get headlines nowadays whenever they preach on Americanism.

There are others whom I have met in the years since the war. None of them showed any really deep bitterness toward America. There was some national pride and some resentment; but what man involved in any struggle as great as a war comes away without partisan feelings toward one side or the other?

All of us, Germans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Japanese, Americans and the rest, must remember we're in a bigger struggle now. Unity must be forged among us, for disunity is just what our enemies desire. But even more important, continuing to fight battles long dead, nourishing recriminations, killing love for one another, is no way out of the plight we all share.

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Father Reinhold surely must have met bitter Germans, but I can't believe from those I have met that this bitterness is as widespread as he says. His article would have better been titled "Shadows of the Past." For the only "Shadows of Tomorrow" I can see in his article are the dangers in his thesis.

DENNIS HOWARD.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I want to tell you that I enjoyed greatly Father Reinhold's article on Germany. I recently returned from a prolonged stay in Europe and Germany. Of all articles or reports which since appeared in newspapers or magazines of this country, Father Reinhold's is the first that corresponds to my own observations and coincides with my own experiences.

HANNAH ARENDT.

AN APPEAL

Sister Mary Mercy of Maryknoll writes from Pusan, South Korea: "The patients coming to our clinic have nearly tripled in number, as have our relief distributions of food, clothing, and bedding. Economic conditions have grown worse and the people are suffering." Contributions may be sent c/o NCWC War Relief Services, 350 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y.

BOOKS

The Failures of American Education

WILLIS D. NUTTING

THERE undoubtedly is a certain anti-intellectualism in our modern American society, even our college society. The egghead is suspected and held in contempt. While the contempt may be our own American invention, certainly the suspicion of the intellectual and his separateness from the rest of society is the usual thing. At very few times in our history — perhaps when the pupil of the Greek Sophist used his powers in the popular assembly at Athens, or when the Oxford man went out to govern some obscure part of the Empire — has the intellectual occupied that place in the actual guidance of society which authors from Plato to the moderns have expected of him. There may be a reason for this.

Mr. Nutting is a Professor of History at Notre Dame. He is the author of "The Reclamation of Independence."

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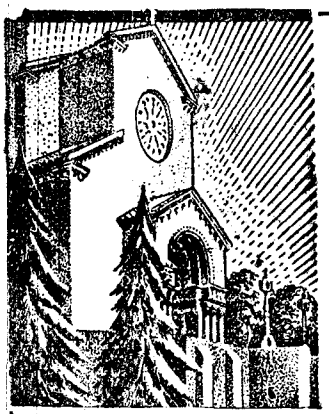

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Anyone who has mingled with non-eggheads knows that these men hold eggheads in contempt not for what they know but for what they don't know. And anyone who associates with intellectuals knows that this accusation of lack of knowledge is not altogether unjust. He also knows that few intellectuals could by any stretch of the imagination be called wise. Further, it seems that the process of producing an intellectual shuts off the possibility of a kind of knowledge, and just that kind that the non-intellectual possesses and values. The intellectual may know man without understanding men; he may not "know his way around" or be able to size up a situation.

It is a mistake to see in this the difference between knowing and acting. It is a difference within knowing itself, and a person who does not know how to size up a situation, to understand a fellow human or to explain a complicated accident, is lacking in knowledge. He lacks an intellectual satisfaction that he would have if he knew these things, and because he does not understand this kind of thing along with his grasp of theoretical knowledge, he does not have wisdom.

THE Commission for Financing Higher Education has now published a book which deals with some aspects of these problems *(The Development and Scope of Higher Education in the United States. Columbia University Press. $3.)*, and the men chosen to write the book, Richard Hofstadter and C. DeWitt Clinton, have done a significant job. Mr. Hofstadter, in his essay, "The Development of Higher Education in America," shows himself to be one who knows our system of education thoroughly without being overawed by any of its majestic idiocies.

"The emotional unity that the students fail to create in the college by making of themselves an intellectual community," he says, "is supplied by quasi-intellectual or nonintellectual activities, pre-eminently by intercollegiate sport." He goes on to say: "The prominence of athletics in American colleges is no accident; it is a primary symptom, a logical outgrowth of the cult of youth, the prevalence of anti-intellectualism, and the schools' need for public attention and private funds." Having pushed that idol in the face he pays his respects to another at the opposite end of the temple: "The exceptional regard for a Ph. D. degree in academic circles, where presumably most people know better, has never been fully explained."

But the essay is by no means an idol-punching spree. It is a careful discussion of the problem that it takes up — the history of higher education in this country. The author shows how new institutions have been created to meet new needs — the university is an example — and how old institutions have been

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modified in order to meet the competition of these new ones. He recognizes the excellences as well as the evils of this developing system, and shows how both these elements came out of the historical situation. One could not do better than to read this essay to understand how our college and university system came to be.

Mr. Hardy writes the second essay: "The Scope of Higher Education in America." We have here the same high type of performance which the first essay led us to expect. He analyzes the different fields of present higher education and the vast effort that has been made to advance knowledge in these fields. This knowledge is to be valued for its own sake but not for that alone. It is part of the conscious effort which American society must make to add a cubit to its stature before it is too late.

The very success of some of our methods of advancing knowledge carries danger with it. It may blind us to the possibility of other methods. "The debate is far from concluded, but it has gone far enough to convince thoughtful people that the simple faith that physical science and its methods can provide adequate answers, or even ask the right questions for all learning, is no longer justified. . . . Knowledge is now embarked on a new adventure — the search for advancement not only by the tried and true methods of science but also through the expansive logic of art, myth, rite, and religious belief."

The evils of specialization and the reliance on a single method call for a liberalization of higher education. But this must not be by way of the popular survey course, which takes the student on a conducted tour through knowledge. Rather the liberal part of education should provide a way "whereby the great accomplishments of humanity can be so symbolized as to be a vital experience, a pervasive influence, in the student's life." "The ability to choose rightly . . . depends upon more than the understanding of society and the physical environment. It depends upon man's vision of what he can be. To protect this vision from fantasy, nothing is more effective than the study of what he has been at his greatest and what he has greatly done."

It is comforting to find, in a work representing a commission of such respectability in the academic world, so clear a recognition of a lack in present day higher education, a lack of "that quality added to knowledge which results in wisdom." Wisdom depends on understanding of ultimate values, and "the quest of ultimate value is the religious quest." The author gives several reasons why higher education has not embarked on this religious quest, and is not at all sure how such a quest can be conducted. Lest Catholics think complacently that they at least are giving higher education without the fatal lack, however, listen

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to what he says: "In them [the Christian colleges] the question of ultimate values and purpose presumably is not a problem; it has been answered by revelation, the meaning of which theology has clarified into certain dogmas. . . . The overarching purpose of education has been fixed, its pattern of ultimate values imposed, and its spiritual tone set. These colleges should provide an answer. In all candidness, however, we must admit that this description of church-related institutions does not delineate their character; for with some exceptions they are generally characterized by the same infirmity of purpose and secular tone as nonsectarian schools; they appear as prone to cater to popular whims, indulge in expedient practices, and accept lower standards."

MR. HARDY has the following comment to make on the narrowing effect of scientific method: "The habit of seeing things in their complicated concreteness and indirect relatedness is acquired with difficulty by minds used to abstraction and direct application." To this we might add that the academic habit of seeing ideas in relation to other ideas makes it difficult for a person to see ideas in relation to particular things, and, since the world is made up of particular things, it makes it difficult for him to understand those particular things in the world with which he comes in contact. He doesn't know his way around.

If this is true, and if higher education is to make men wise, care must be taken to lead the student through the realm of theory in such a way that he does not for a moment lose touch with the particular. He must always be referring theory back to the particular. He must not be allowed to become alienated from that very real kind of knowledge that the practical man has. He must *know how* as well as *know*. What is demanded here is something like John Julian Ryan's liberal artist, and perhaps Peter Maurin's scholar-worker. And to train such people will require new pedagogical methods, and new institutions to embody them.

Mr. Hofstadter has shown how the land grant colleges and universities rose in the nineteenth century to supply a need which the old classical colleges could not fill. The old colleges then changed their way of doing things to conform to the very successful methods of the new schools. It seems to take an outside push to alter educational folkways. To train men who have the full satisfaction that wisdom brings, and who can bring this wisdom to the aid of our society, there is need of a fresh start with a new way of doing things which, after it proves successful, can then be adopted by the old institutions.

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A New Study of a Renaissance Man

MICHELANGELO: His Life and His Era. By Giovanni Papini. Dutton. $10.

By MAX FISCHER

GIOVANNI Papini is one of the most successful Italian writers of our time. The son of an atheistic father and a Catholic mother, he started as a "freethinker" and then turned gradually to theosophy, spiritualism, occultism and mysticism. At last, after many storms and disillusionments, he found anchor and peace in the Catholic Faith. His *Life of Christ* and his *Saint Augustine* were among the bestsellers of Italian Catholic literature. But in this reviewer's opinion, the intellectual brilliance of Papini shows up most impressively in his contemporary criticism and satire, which is best developed in his book *Gog*. Papini was made a member of the Italian Academy in 1937 and now, in his seventies and threatened with blindness, he is regarded not only as a successful writer but as a sage.

With remarkable intellectual vigor, Papini started, four years ago, a work on Michelangelo which he planned as a "monumental and definitive biography." Finishing this book, the proud author boasts that his biography of Michelangelo is "richer, more alive, and more original than any before ever written." With all respect for the considerable efforts of an author of Papini's years, we can only endorse the first qualification of this self-praise, not the two others. Strangely enough, this work of a man who was always a free-lance writer, never a scholar, excels in scholarship: It is of broad scope, yet it is a work of diligent and minute research, and includes interesting and unusual material hitherto undiscovered. It corrects errors that have been copied from one biography to the next, and throws light on many episodes overlooked by other writers. It is a book which no future writer on Michelangelo could omit consulting.

But Papini's book does not have a fresh, unifying conception of the personality with which it deals. It is divided into not less than one-hundred eighty-five small chapters, each dealing with specialized questions—a chain of little mosaic-like monographs which lack the imaginative and constructive power of a real life story.

The book claims in its title to present not only Michangelo's life but his era. Comprehending the relationships between an individual personality and the collective forces of an age is the most difficult and delicate task of any biographer—the touchstone of the depth of an author's understanding of history. And it is in this respect that Papini's abilities are failing. The results of his great research are not shaped into the real countenance of the sixteenth century. As in the works of philologists, we are showered with facts which do not concentrate into essence.

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verdict in **KOREA** OLIVER

This is the fourth full-length book on Korea by Robert Oliver, and it is by all odds the best of the lot. It is in some respects the most informative and the most moving of any of the analyses of the Korean conflict that have come to this reviewer's attention. . . .

There is an abundance of scholarship in this book and ample documentation, both statistical and otherwise. In that sense it is a technical work and a commendable one. But to many persons the warmth of its human approach will overshadow this technical excellence. Sharing in that approach can give us all a better insight into the real meaning of the Korean struggle and help us to arrive at a better "Verdict in Korea."

THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

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Papini remains conventional and unsatisfactory in considering the deepest problems of Michangelo's personality. All of us know about the conflicts in Michelangelo, between his lust for creating art, and his despair that "no brush and no chisel can lull to rest the desires of the soul" which can only be fulfilled by mystical love. But in spite of this bitter awareness of all the insufficiency and impotency of art, even the doubts and the despair are expressed in a medium of art, in a poem, and until the very last days of his life Michangelo continued to use his chisel. Here is a central problem of the great artist's life, to which the minor problems might be subordinated. In Papini's work, these conflicts are only occasionally discussed in connection with other matters.

This problem impressed Michelangelo in his seventeenth year (if not even earlier) when he heard for the first time the shrill ascetic voice of Savonarola, condemning the arts and inspiring the destruction of works of art. If Papini's book were really a study of the era of Michelangelo, Savonarola and his fight against "the vanities of the arts" would have to be a cornerstone of the study. But here Papini completely fails, weakly claiming that Savonarola was not as radical as some people think—without documentation for such an apology. This reviewer holds that Savonarola was indeed the most radical embodiment of all anti-Renaissance instincts, and was at the same time a very shrewd and ambitious politician who abused for destructive purposes youth's delight in swaggering activity.

One would also expect that a writer who has played such a prominent role in the literary renaissance of Catholicism in our time would throw new light on the relations of Michelangelo with the Church life of his age. And in this respect, Papini's new book is also rather disappointing, as it discusses only the outward relations of the artist with the renaissance Popes, without clarifying the conflicts of neo-pagan and Christian impulses in the artist's own soul. The alleged Protestant inclinations of Michelangelo's friend Vittoria Colonna and of the old artist himself are touched upon in the book without much originality; this reviewer hopes to show on some other occasion that in this regard both are more Catholic than Papini supposes.

Thus the value of this work is in the biography proper and not in Papini's story of the times nor in his interpretation of religious and artistic trends. Let me stress again that Papini's research into the facts of Michelangelo's life is painstaking and valuable. Yet even here the artist in Papini is sometimes too strong for him to stick to the facts. He criticizes in a most factual way the hypothesis of a Swiss biographer that Michelangelo was falling in love with Luisa de Medici, a daughter of Lorenzo Il Magnifico. Papini proves that she died at the age of eleven, two years before Michelangelo went to live in Lorenzo's palace. But the idea of the artist's first love has caught Papini's imagination and he exchanges Luisa with Lorenzo's fourth daughter, Contessina, and he speculates that she was Michelangelo's first love—without a shadow of documentation. For reasons of his own, the author claims that this theory is "highly probable." And this is not the only case in which the author offers a vulnerable psychological construction instead of fact.

Papini is one of the most honest and earnest writers of our time. It is therefore not without sincere regret that one must conclude that the brilliance, vitality and imagination which excelled in his earlier works seem to be disappearing.

Jeune Fille

THE LITTLE MADELEINE. By Mrs. Robert Henrey. Dutton. $4.

By ANNE FREMANTLE

RARELY do writers who are from the people write of the people. By the time they become articulate, most are grown causy or preachy: either Marxians facing historical necessity with set faces

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and upright pens; or sociologists, frisking freudian ferrets from out of the unlikeliest hats. Mrs. Robert Henrey, (who is the mother of the small hero of the movie, "The Fallen Idol") writes most genuinely of the people of Paris — and gives us a cook's eye view, a seamstress' view, a truck-driver's view, a midinette's view, a tart's eye view. For her mother and her aunt, her father and his cronies, and her own friends, from babyhood up, were the people, all the people, and nothing but the people of Paris, following all their many, ancient and various vocations.

Madeleine was born in 1906, in Montmartre, her father a bricklayer, her mother a seamstress. She grew up among perhaps the most authentic proletariat in the world. Her companions, whom she serves us fresh from her marvelous memory, are the mob who stormed the barricades, who knitted in the tumbrils, who ate rats not once, but several times within living memory, who have been invaded more often, have seen more, done more and suffered more than the inhabitants of any other earthly city.

Little Madeleine has an astonishing memory. At three, sitting beside her mother, she watched her baby brother "feeding and kneading with plump fingers the milk-heavy bosom"; she kneeled daily to put on her father's slippers (the "absinthe made a tiger of him") after her 20-year old mother had removed his footbath "holding it by the two handles, her young body and narrow waist bent under the weight, obedient and lovely like a Roman slave." The lilac in the garden to which they moved at Clichy was a scented froth, the ducks "quacking in the pestiferous water of the gutters . . . bit my bare legs with their flat bills." At five, Madeleine had diphtheria and scarlet fever and her little brother caught the latter and died. Her mother could not take it, would sob for a whole afternoon; yet when a neighbor had a miscarriage on the floor, she could lift her from the pool of blood and call a cab. Madeleine was spared nothing; her neighbors murdered, made love, made scenes, made hats and it all became an unending and delightful gossip that enchanted the child. All conversations, too, however they began, on politics or prices, "invariably ended on dresses, hats, veils and love."

Berthe, the lovely girl who "entertained" farmers and butter merchants; Louise, the sister of Raoul, the footman, who was a wonderful cook, and died from skating all night after working all day; Didine who looked "so perfectly lovely, a jewel in her case, how I envied her" (she pursued woman's oldest profession). The many men and women who had the gayest and the ghastliest adventures are all seen warmly, undiscriminatingly.

It is strange and terrible that religion played so small a role in any of the lives cross-sectioned: "I never saw my father or mother in prayer . . . in our street the separation of church and state was clearly successful. Hardly anybody went to church, and the few who did were immediately put down as being bigoted; they became objects

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of scorn not of veneration. When a person died in our street he went directly from his mean apartment to his last resting-place without passing by the church. There were few baptisms. If little girls received their First Communion it was to wear the dress and give the parents an excuse to feast at home."

And yet, there was an infinity of charity, a great neighborliness. Though there is too much of this book, and it goes on too long, there are endless examples of human goodness—more, indeed, than of human beastliness or misery.

And little Madeleine got what the various fortune tellers foretold: money, pretty clothes, and fame. But not in this book. Here she only relates how she got to England, after her father's death, and began a new life with her mother, "who was never proud of being poor. Her one idea was to climb out of the trough." Madeleine climbed out, and climbed high, but this account of her girlhood ends with her as a manicurist at the London Savoy Hotel.

Seeds of Freedom

SOVIET OPPOSITION TO STALIN. A Case Study in World War II. By George Fischer. Harvard. $4.

By JAN OLECHOWSKI

WHEN the Congress of the Communist Party convened recently in Soviet Russia, the really important question for the Western world was not who will be the eventual successor of Stalin, but rather: Can Stalin count on a faithfully Communist future generation? The long years of Stalin's political struggle were marked by his constant efforts to liquidate every possible rival. He is now alone. He dictates not only the course of Russian policy, but he can dictate the opinions on every conceivable subject, from economics to linguistics, from literature to biology. And he obviously enjoys this. But, how strong is the real impact Stalin made on the minds, the dreams, the hopes of the generation who grew up in the Soviet system and one

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day will take the responsibility for the future of Russia?

Some of the aspects of this important problem are presented by George Fischer, an expert at the Russian Research Center of Harvard University. His *Soviet Opposition to Stalin* is a product of many years of methodical research work. It concerns chiefly the Vlasov Movement, so-called in World War II. It's the first full and thorough presentation of the unsuccessful attempt to organize a Russian anti-Stalin army on the side of Germans, by the former Soviet General Vlasov. In the last part of the book, the author, who spent many years in Soviet Russia, discusses a problem of possible and actual opposition in the Soviet Union. This part of his book is really very illuminating.

The Vlasov Movement is hardly a good case for speculation about future or present opposition within the Soviet Union. The Vlasov Movement was doomed to failure from the very beginning by Hitler's racial doctrine and never created any serious practical or spiritual force. What will be remembered always is not the conception of Vlasov himself, but the horrors of unbelievable savagery by Kaminsky's Brigade in the suppression of the Warsaw uprising.

Nevertheless, the fact that Germans could take about three million prisoners in the first months of the war with the USSR cannot be explained entirely in military terms. Besides, there was a war with Finland, in the spring of 1940, which was clearly notable for the obvious lack of enthusiasm in Soviet army and in Soviet civilian society. Maybe there is an explanation here as to why Stalin's policy toward little Finland has been so cautious in the postwar years.

It would be misleading to suppose that Stalin's totalitarian dictatorship can easily dismiss the feelings of the Soviet people. As a matter of fact the spectacular political moves Stalin is making personally are aimed more to impress the Soviet people than the Western world. But from popular feeling of disaffection to active opposition is a long step. The disillusionment the Russians suffered after the Bolshevik revolution has made a great impact on the psychological attitude of the Soviet people. It would need a new spiritual vision, a new religious faith, comparable only to the revolutionary spirit of 1917, to make them fight again.

REVIEWERS

Jan Olechowski gained firsthand knowledge of the Russian dictatorship in a Soviet labor camp. He now writes for Radio Free Europe.

Max Fischer, critic and editor, is now teaching the history of medieval and Renaissance culture at the New School in New York City.

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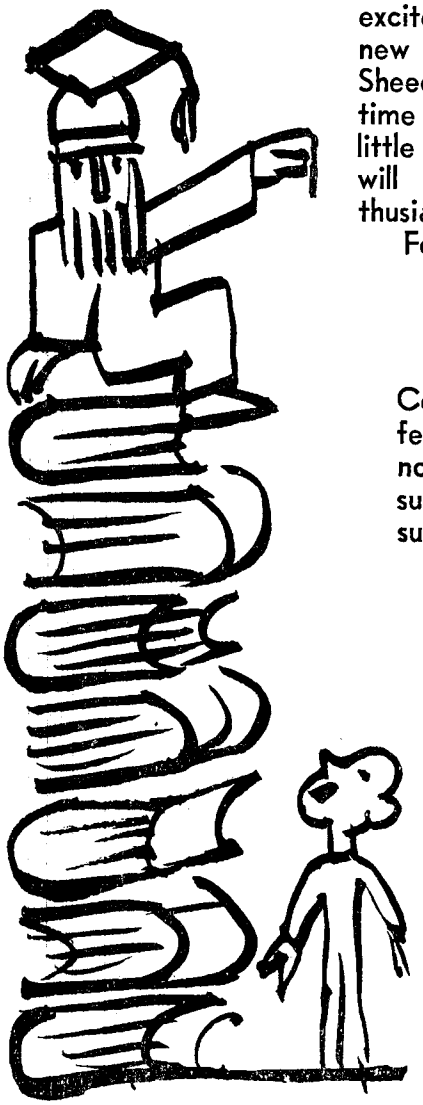

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by F. J. Sheed

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